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FRIENDSHIP

K
AND

53
LOVE.

A

DIALOGUE.

Addressed to a Young LADY.

*Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet Copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Suprema citius solvet amor die.*

Hor.

To which is added,

A

SONG

By Mr. AKINSIDE,

AUTHOR of *The Pleasures of Imagination.*

*What's Female Beauty, but an Art divine,
Through which the Mind's all gentle Graces shine?
They like the Sun irradiate all between;
The Body charms, because the Mind is seen.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for G. STEIDEL at the Bible and Crown in New Bondstreet;
And Sold by M. COOPER at the Globe in Pater-Noster-Row.

MDCCXLV.

[Price Six Pence.]

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AND

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DIALOGUE



Addressed to Young LANS

By the Author

of the Dialogue

between the

Author and the

Reader

A

NO. 2

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Author

and

the

Reader

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FRIENDSHIP

A N D

LOVE.

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DIALOGUE.

Addressed to a young LADY.

FRIENDSHIP.

IN vain thy lawless Fires contend with mine,
 Tho' Crouds unnumber'd fall before thy Shrine;
 Let Youths, who ne'er aspir'd to noble Fame,
 And the soft Virgin, kindle at thy Flame,
 Thee, Son of Indolence and Vice, I scorn,
 By Reason nourish'd, and of Virtue born.

LOVE.

LOVE.

Vain is that boasted Reason 'gainst my Dart,
 I pierce the Sage's, as the vulgar Heart,
 All Ages, Sexes, the soft Torment share,
 The hoary Patriot, and the blooming Fair.
 To narrow Limits is thy Sway confin'd,
 To some few Breasts, I triumph o'er Mankind.

FRIENDSHIP.

From grov'ling Sources, ever springs thy Pow'r,
 Still varying Fancy, and frail Beauty's Flow'r:
 Then with its Cause the short liv'd Ardour flies,
 A flash of Passion that but gleams and dies.
 Mine upon Virtue rais'd, still lives the same,
 In gen'rous Hearts a constant equal Flame.

LOVE.

Love is not always that degen'rate thing,
 I too from Virtue, as from Beauty spring.
 Thou to the same dull Circle ever true,
 Know'st but one Form all Tempers to subdue



Wide

Wide is my Empire, manifold my Arts,
 And various are the Plumes that wing my Darts
 Here a Fair face allures desiring Eyes,
 There Modesty and Sense enslave the Wife.

Thus whilst each Pow'r with equal Warmth contends,
 The Clouds divide, an heavenly Form descends,
 Wings o'er his Shoulders mantling wav'd, behind
 His snowy Garments floated in the wind;
 A Wreath of mingled Flow'rs adorned his Head,
 Immortal Flow'rs by Mold Ætherial fed,
 Graceful he mov'd in Youth and Beauty's pride,
 His Cheeks *Aurora's* op'ning Blushes dy'd,
 A flaming Torch he bore, approaching now,
 Fair Hymen Guardian of the nuptial Vow,
 They knew and paus'd, He first the Silence broke,
 Celestial Musick warbled as he spoke.

Cease, rival Pow'rs, with Rage unjust to glow,
 Ye both to Men the noblest Gifts bestow.
 Howe'er by Folly or by Vice abus'd,
 Blessings are turn'd to Curses when misus'd.

NO 2 A

Mine be the Praise the Gifts of both to blend.
 And to the virtuous Lover join the Friend.
 Thus shall Life glide away in mutual Joys,
 Sweets that ne'er tire, and Rapture that ne'er cloy.

So blest an Union, *Anna* mayst thou prove,
 A constant Friendship, in a tender Love.



A SONG

S O N G

By Mr. AKINSIDE.

TH E Shape alone let others prize,
The Features of the Fair;

I look for Spirit in her Eyes,
And Meaning in her Air.

A Damask Cheek, an Iv'ry Arm,
Shall ne'er my Wishes win,
Give me an animated Form,
That speaks a Mind within.

A Face where awful Honour shines,
Where Sense and Sweetness move,
And Angel Innocence refines,
The Tenderness of Love.

These

These are the Soul of Beauty's frame,

Without whose vital Aid,
Unfinish'd all her Features seem,
And all her Roses dead

But ah! where both their Charms unite,
How perfect is the View,

With ev'ry Image of Delight,

With Graces ever new.

The Features of the Fair;

Of Pow'r to charm the greatest Woe,

The wildest Rage controul,

Diffusing Mildness o'er the Brow,

And Rapture thro' the Soul.

Their Pow'r but faintly to express,

All Language must despair,

But go behold *Arpasia's* Face,

And read it perfect there.

Where Sense and Sweetness move,

And Angel Innocence refines,

The Tenderness of Love.

F I N I S.